VANITY FAIR BOOK REVIEW.

HE Sable Cloud. A Southern Tale, with Northern Comments. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

If there are any of our readers who have not as yet heard enough about the Irrepressible Habitant of the Wood-Pile, we comm nd them to walk under and in'o the Sable Cloud. As the Cloud in q' estion, which at present lowers about our house, bids fair to rain swords and bayonets with the points downwards– to say nothing of dogs and cats—we fancy that they will ere long, get quite enough of Dis able producshum.

The Poetical Works of SAMUEL WOODWORTH, *edited by his Son.* In two vols. New-York: CHAS. SCRIBNER.

The WOOD-WORTH in question left us many valuable bits of timber, and his son, like a chip of the old block, has by collecting the whole, shown us that it was "all oak;" the principal article in fact being the Old Oaken Bucket, which has come up before the public a thousand times since it was kicked by the author into publicity. But besides a bucket full, WOODWORTH drew several hundred sparkling goblets from Hippocrene—all of them imprynted in this boke.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

HENRIETTE is the English title of a pretty French comedy by M. SARDON, called *Les pattes des mouches.* Mr. SARDON is a well-known dramatic author whose habit of sneering at his own pieces originated the phrase "sardonic laugh." His comedy has been very neatly dressed by Mr. WILKINS, and placed before the public on the stage of WALLACK'S Theatre.

It's all about a letter. A young man has been making love to a young woman on the sly. They establish an impromptu *poste restante* in the shape of a statuette in the drawing-room, where the mutual love letters are kept till called for. A misunderstanding takes place. The young man goes "strange countries for to see," and the young woman marries another, and during three years the letter that would have made all straight lies *perdue* under the statuette. Young man returns and meets young wom n. Explanation ensues. Young woman learns that her letter is still where she placed it, and being now married and settled, is naturally anxious to recover the compromising document. Young man wants to get a pull on her, (to quote a classic author,) and desires its possession also. Mutual manœuvering; young man successful. Then the adventures of the letter and the plots for its recovery, form the very ingenious thread of the rest of the comedy.

There can be but little doubt that Mr. WILKINS intended this situation as a subtle satire on the New-York postal system. Where could the idea of a letter lying for three years untouched have originated if not in the sarcophagus of correspondence that fronts on Nassau street? We expected every moment to hear the orchestra playing "Dixie" as a gentle tribute to the gentleman who succeeded to the post of the absquatulated FOWLER.

The title "Henriette" is unmeaning and bad. So good a piece ought to have had a better christening. As the plot of the piece turns on a letter left in solitude, why not have called it "Let her alone?" Or, as the epistle flies about in all directions afterwards, and is blown through a window, why not take a quotation from OTHELLO, and name it "Let her down the wind?" Or, as the piece is so neat and compact, why not t ke a phrase from the actors' dictionary, and have it "Letter perfect?" Any of these would have been better than that of Henriette. In any case, however, Mr. WILKINS may consider that he has made his piece a Letter of Mark.

BULL-RUSHES.

All creatures are subject to antipathies. The Bull, as well as his two-legged corollary, the Turkey-Cock, manifests emotions of displeasure at the exhibition of a red rag, which he seems to consider an insult to his understanding. Out of this antipathy, some excellent sport might be devised,—a suggestion which we herewith present to Mr. NIXON, of the Royal Circus, who has plenty of red coats on hand. Consider a Bull in a ten-acre field, round which two red objects—say two New-York firemen in GARIBALDI shirts, are set to run in opposite directions at the regular 4.50 fireman pace, and, by a powerful mental process of fancying the feelings of that embarrassed quadruped, you may arrive at an approximate estimate of the present emotions of JOHN BULL the Biped, situated as he now finds himself, between the MORRILL tariff and a possible blockade of the Cotton ports. These are the two red rags of his immediate aversion, and he may be seen standing between them at the present moment, with his back up, his head down, and his tail in an undecided state of demi-depression. In this position he keeps one eye upon the London *Times*, while he uses the other for winking at a good many things connected with his domestic arrangements– things by which he is more or less afflicted, but which it is not at present convenient for him to treat in a less evasive manner.

His case is a distressing one.

There are five millions of white slaves in England, slaves without wool upon their heads, and likely soon to have no cotton upon their hands. There are cotton lords to be considered—men so constituted of cotton that their very existence may be looked upon as a Cotton State. Providence may cut off their cotton.

On this account, JOHN BULL will not put his trust in Providence, which he considers inferior in most respects to the *Times;* but, going to the latter institution he requests it to inform this side of the Atlantic of his private opinion that—"instead of ignoring the secession of the South, and determining to treat it as *non avenu*, the President ought to recognize it as a reality."

If *non avenu* was the French for "no thoroughfare," as it ought to be, the application of it by the *Times* would be more felicitous than it is, because it would then be expressive of the excitement under which JOHN BULL suffers at the apprehension of being cut off from access to his ancient cotton fields.

But, if JOHN BULL has got his back up at the idea of a Southern blockade, how buttingly he has put his head down to run tilt against the MORRILL tariff!

"There are no statesmen in America!" exclaims JOHN BULL. "At least there are none in the North—the new Confederacy, indeed, gives better promise, for, while the North is passing a Prohibition Tariff, the Confederate States are behaving with marked prudence and propriety."

The Moral of this is that JOHN BULL wants no MORRILL.

And he is even less anxious to see anything like a blockade of the Southern ports, by which he would be debarred from cultivating the society of that Chivalry whose virtues have been so suddenly discovered by him with the assistance of his Cotton spectacles.

Hooray!

"Brooklyn has done gloriously. Democracy has triumphed in that City of Churches, which shows that the right political faith is appreciated in it. KALB FLEISCH is elected Mayor.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"Kalbfleisch"—"Veal," you know, in German.

A wery nice thing is weal—ven you know it ain't kittens. But if the veal in question had been knocked into Pi, who'd have indorsed him and hurrahed for him then, we'd like to know.

We thought not.

The *Herald* offers to "OLD ABE," in the event of his being driven from Washington by the Cc.'s, a home at Fort Washington—"a pleasant locality, free from *malarious* and *other unwholesome* influences."

So it seems that after all BENNETT does not allow the *Herald* to be brought into his own family.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LORZAMASSI, March 20th.

A, DEAR VANITY:—The greatest lark in the world! . . Imagine it! Count CAVOUR and myself taken prisoner, and held into durance vile, by a party of brigands! Yet such, as the Hon. NED EVERETT once remarked to me, such, my dear friend, is life.

CAVOUR, you must know, is ambitious. France offers him no field, and he desires to be a great man in Italy. Accordingly, I have organized a little movement for his benefit.

No man, in the provinces, has a fairer start in political life, or a better chance for advancement, than a deputy-sheriff. I secured CAVOUR's nomination, then, as candidate for that office, and he and I have been stumping the country. As it is well understood that I shall lay waste, with fire and sword, all districts that poll a majority against him on election-day, his success will doubtless be almost unanimous.

But up here in the inaccessible caverns and ravines of the mountains, over four thousand miles above the level of the sea, there dwells a rugged, hardy race of mountaineers who do not comprehend the fairness of a choice by ballot.

To them, suffrage is insufferable. They settle their little political differences with the carabine and the stiletto.

As the land is so poor, up here, that it will produce no kind of vegetation, and as the roads are so precipitous and rough, that they are impassable even to foot-travellers, it may readily be surmised that agriculture and manufactures do not flourish.

Deprived, then, of all legitimate industrial occupations, the inhabitants have but one means of earning a livelihood.

They are all brigands . . . men, women, and children.!

The reading public, who are familiar with DUMAS, *pere's* novels, and in whose minds the names of MASSARONI, FRA DIAVOLO, MASSANIELLO, and JACKALOW are still fresh, can appreciate the awkwardness of a political canvasser's life among such people.

Murder, robbery, arson, assault, burglary, and trespass are everyday crimes in this region. It is nothing uncommon for a man to go out to his business in the morning, and return at night with his head completely severed from his body. I am assured that there is not a man within twenty miles, who has attained his majority without having received at least a dozen mortal wounds!

Such is Lorzamassi!

CAVOUR and I arrived here the day before yesterday, and put up at the best hotel, kept by a retired brigand. We were treated with the utmost politeness the first night, but in the morning, when we wanted to go down to breakfast, we found the door locked on the outside!

The landlord shortly entered, and apologized for detaining us, but said that there were some young gentlemen in town, to whom he could refuse nothing, and they desired the pleasure of killing and robbing us.

Naturally enough, we objected, and offered a ransom of twice as much as we had about us. This was accepted, and I wrote at once to His Holiness, Pope PIUS IX. to send me three million ducats. They will arrive on Wednesday next.

Meanwhile, we are kept rather close, although I am allowed to write and mail letters to you, on account of the interest our landlord takes in your paper. He says he could not get along without his VANITY FAIR every week. He reads English very well indeed, for an illiterate man, but some of my jokes require explanation before he can understand them.

Every Thursday night, he informs me, they have a grand hop here. I was present at the last one, and found it uncommonly brilliant, I can assure you. I never saw such splendid jewels and laces anywhere else, as were worn by the ladies. One beautiful blonde wore the *trousseaux* of three English brides who had been murdered by her father while on their wedding tours. I asked her, in French, if she did not feel uncomfortable when she thought of the poor girls, murdered to furnish her with a blood-stained *parure*.

"*Eh? Mais pournoi?*" said she, with a bewitching smile; "*elles sont tous trois heureuses, maintenant . . . et alors, on ne porte pas des bijoux dans le ciel!*"

His answer, at once so brutal and so naïve, charmed me. I danced with the little blonde seven times, and would have escorted her to her home, had I not learned that her lover was waiting outside the door, to stab me in the back.

An odd and amusing instance of the great hospitality of this strange people occurred this morning.

CAVOUR, Frenchman and diplomat, is a great snuff-taker. Last night, as he went to take his customary pinch before retiring, he found his box empty.

He passed a sleepless night, and early this morn, sent a boy to search through the village in quest of a fresh supply.

The boy was unsuccessful. Nobody took snuff in the whole district.

Toward lunch-time, poor CAVOUR became so desperate for want of his favorite luxury, that the handsome young STEFANO, our landlord's son, took pity upon him.

"Where are you going, good STEFANO?" I enquired, seeing him cleaning and loading his trusty carabine.

"I am going, Excellenza," he replied, "to find a Frenchman. Your friend suffers. Habit is strong. The French all snuff."

He departed, whistling the brindisi from *La Traviata*.

In two hours he returned, and gracefully presented the Count with a splendid old-fashioned gold snuff-box, full of rappee.

"Thank you a thousand times, STEFANO!" cried CAVOUR, seizing the box and taking a mighty pinch, "thank you! but, where did you get it.

"I found an old *drole* of a French Marquis down yonder, in a travelling carriage. The footman fought well, and the old gentleman died hard, but *sapristi!* you wanted some snuff, and I am not a man to stand on trifles!"

Well, our ransom will soon be forthcoming, and as the people here have taken a great fancy to us, we shall doubtless escape alive, in which case we shall carry every vote in the district, and you will hear more from

MCARONE.

NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH!

The London *Telegraph*, of March 19, in a spasmodic article about cotton coercion, says:

"Lancashire and South Carolina are too intimately united for the slightest symptoms or forebodings of paralysis in the one, not to spread consternation through the other."

Out of small beginnings great things have budded; and so, out of the above little paragraph, arises a suggestion for a new and improved Atlantic submarine telegraph. Let the cable be of cotton—this end of it at Charleston, that one at Liverpool. Moor the Charleston end to a fifteen hundred dollar darkey—the Liverpool end to a Lancashire white slave of the cotton-factory persuasion. Then arrange your alphabet, to be illustrated on this side by cuts, on the other by kicks. That is, a certain number of licks applied to the back of the darkey, with a cowhide whip, will communicate to his white brother at the other end of the rope any such "forebodings of paralysis" as may be justified by the circumstances of the hour; while a tariff of kicks, imposed upon the Lancashire factory-vassal, will impart to the $1500 mooring-post at Charleston, such amount of British "consternation" as it may be considered safe to administer to the Southern Confederacy at one dose.

Con. by a River Policeman.

Why is a dock-owner, during business-hours, the Right Man in the Right Place?

Because he's surrounded by his Piers!

A Nail in the foot of John Bull: or, in other words, the Iron that has entered into his Sole.

Pennsylvania Iron.

Advice to Travellers.

Buy a box of Pulmonic medicine—the only thing to stop a Hack.

Naval Ammunition.

"Shells of Ocean."

Nervous Old Lady in a Squall.—MR. PILOT, IF YOU SURVIVE, TELL MR. MUGGINS THAT I ENDEAVORED TO BEAR MYSELF UP TO THE LAST.

REFUGE FOR A DESTITUTE MOTTO.

It is stated that a French surgeon has succeeded in producing a perfect agent for the reduction of pain in severe operations. This new anæsthetic is composed of a great many elements, and its effect is to numb, or deaden the part to which it is applied. Merit is entitled to recognition; and we are glad to learn that the medical Faculty of this city intend presenting the eminent French surgeon with a congratulatory address, expressive of the gratitude of the profession for the service done by him to science. If the address has not yet been drafted, we do not think that the Faculty could do better than make use of the motto of these Disunited States for the purpose. Its advantages are several. It consists of but three words: it is of no further use to the present owners; and what could be a more Cæsarean operation than that of addressing the great French pain-killer with the pithy acknowledgment *E Pluribus You Numb?*

Query.

Is JEFF DAVIS' regard for Cotton in particular as strong as his antipathy to Wool in General?

From Boston.

What plain writer has the "Atlantic?"
The "HOLMES-pun-man."

Sugar Refinery.

A young ladies' boarding school.

Uncomfortably near relations.

Poor ones.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

We take the following from the N. Y. *Times* of April 1.

"French fleets in American waters—Spanish cruisers hovering in our Gulf—English men-of-war along our coasts—significant rumors from France of her assuming new relations with her old province of Louisiana—burning, secret sympathies of England with her enslaved black "men and brothers"—menacing attitude of the Spanish Government, which, in its days of feebleness, we in our strength insulted with impunity, but which now, in our time of trouble, taunts and defies us by stationing ten thousand troops within fifty miles of our shores, to keep eye upon us, and possibly, in the domestic *melee* she hopes for, to repossess herself of the splendid provinces which, as Florida, Texas, etc., we now call sovereign States of the Union."

Just so. Let us hope—aye, let us hope, heart and soul, that it is ALL true, and that a great deal more of the same sort, much more aggravating, much more insulting, much more peppery and provoking, is not far off.

That's the medicine for our times. Give us a good round buffet, somebody—do us a real injury—for the love of humanity and all that is right! If somebody will only take a pitch-fork and thwack us soundly, with perhaps a good sharp poke in the ribs thrown in—like the Italian courier in *Rabelais*—'twill save us.

When VANITY FAIR heard of *that* fleet, he cried "Tis too good to be true." And yet the country is frightened! Frightened! They'll be here—and then!

Why then, Union, and let them pitch into North or South—who cares? Send on your fleets, oh, Europe—bring on your bears. Only do it. Will nobody tread on our coat-tails?

A Material Consideration.

From Charleston we hear that new mortar batteries are continually in course of erection, either at Mount Pleasant or some other spot suggestive of repose, if not of verdure. We cannot, for the life of us, see how these Mortar batteries can be of effective construction, in view of the fact that all the Bricks are inside Fort Sumter.

The Cab-Age.

There's a bill up at Albany for a Cab-company—one which is to have all sorts of decent vehicles at decent prices, so that decent people may have a ride without the risk of being indecently abused by a heathen rascal of a wild Irish driver.

Twenty cents a mile, fifteen cents for each extra mile is certainly drawing it rather mild, compared to what we have had to pay. But why not make it, say thirty cents anywhere this side of the Park. Twenty cents for each extra passenger. That would be intelligible and more profitable in the long run for the Company. Strangers don't know how far a mile is—they never do in London, and they won't here. Will WALT WHITMAN, who is said to understand long measures, favor the public with his valuable opinion on this subject?

The Cof Finny Tribe.

We find the following going the rounds:

In a case before the Paris Civil Tribunal the fact was revealed that the person who contracts with the City of Paris for supplying funerals is bound to have constantly on hand not fewer than 6,000 coffins.

Six thousand coffins in a single case is a large amount. Those familiar with Nantucket will bear witness, however, that though the population of that whole isle is much less than that of Paris, it seldom has much less than five or six thousand COFFINS, if not on hand, at least on the sand, somewhere.

The Tribune Ahead.

The *Tribune*—of course it's the *Tribune*—advertises an Amalgam Bell. For only twelve cents per pound.

Our Fire Eating contributor says that down in his native Crescent City he has seen Amalgam Belles of the Quarteroon quality sell for from ten to twenty dollars a pound. New-York's the place, after all.

OUR ACTIVE AND EFFICIENT POLICE.

THE Annual Report of our Police Commissioners contains an interesting and valuable statistical table, showing the trades and occupations of the persons arrested by our active, vigilant and efficient police, during the year 1860. We dislike figures, and have a deeply-rooted aversion to A. Rithmetic & Co., but we are compelled to state—to begin with—that the villainous looking number of 65,809 indicates the exact sum of our city criminals arrested during the past year. We engaged the Lightning Calculator to foot up the amount, and if he has made no more mistakes than usual, we are nearly right. If you will but consider the manner in which the metropolitans do their duty, you will see that the number of New-York criminals, not arrested, is about ten times the 65,809.

It is singular what light the report throws upon certain errors of opinion in which we, in common with many good folks, have been in the habit of indulging. For instance, we have always believed that those mild, benevolent and peaceable individuals known to the public as Baggage-Smashers and Bogus Ticket-Agents were as bad as men could reasonably be, and deserved lynching, Sing-singing and even death. We confess our mistake. Only one Baggage-Smasher, only two Bogus Agents have offended against the laws and been held to answer. A total of three black sheep among the lambs whom we have all so unjustly condemned. Alas for the righteousness of human judgments!

Compared to this total of three! how we blush to find eleven Reporters, who have picked up something besides items, and taken the wrong kind of notes. And five editors, who have not confined their stealings to newspaper matter, and have manufactured worse things than bogus correspondence. Is it possible that JAMES GOR—, O! no, it cannot be! And may GR—E— how can we ask? Is this an express matter? Horrible thought. We suffer for the noble profession. Who can these editors be?

Glance at what part of the list we will, we find that classes which we thought vicious are models of everything good compared to classes which we deemed virtuous. Actors have used gags for other purposes than to raise a laugh, or conceal a defect of memory. Two hundred and one Artists have been drawing figures of the wrong sort, and making themselves models of infamy, and pictures for the Rogue's Gallery; while only two hundred and twenty-one thieves have taken property which they admired but did not legally possess. One Artificial eye-maker has been a Pupil of vice; but no black-eye-makers have been obliged to knuckle to the Law. Eleven Boot-Crimpers have kicked their heels in prison, but none of those Crimps whom sailors fear have suffered during 1860. Four umbrella-makers have been arrested, but no umbrella-takers. Two Rev. Ministers have neglected their own advice, but only one Alderman has been rung in by the police.

And so we might go on. The fellows whom we suspect of crimes, and charge with the wickedness of the land make no show in this list of the arrested, but the people whom one would never suspect of offences, appear in overshadowing numbers. Burnishers have been cutting illegal shines. Case-makers have turned out bad cases. Glassblowers have blown upon each other and come to blows generally in spite of the adage about persons in the glass business. Thirty-eight gentlemen have been locked up with twenty-eight gamblers—we have a new style of gentleman in New-York. Two thousand House-keepers are here, but no House-breakers. Ten Japanners, include the one Alderman, above-noted. The keeper of the City Hall Park was not fined at the Tombs by His Honor the Mayor. Twenty-two policemen have been arrested by their brethren, along with Deputy Marshals and Deputy Sheriffs, and Custom-house officers in great numbers have been also custodied, not, of course, because our officials are as bad as the criminals they should arrest, but because—well, for practice, we suppose, or for instruction.

Many weighers have gone the downward way, and wheelwrights have dealt wrongly by the public weal. Watchmakers have made their patrons,

"Take no note of Time, but by its loss."

One midwife has had to assist at the Jail Delivery. Music hath had no charms for vocalists, Piano-makers, and music-teachers. Bartenders have smiled and smiled, and been villains. Two Pocket-book-makers have made too free with their manufactures, but no Pocket-book-dropper has disgraced himself by being arrested. Twelve thousand Laborers have labored in vain and been incarcerated, but only five Loafers have swaggered into prison. Dock-builders have knocked down their piles and been caught at it; two Conductors have been found out at the same thing, but you look in vain for Highwaymen among such low company.

One hundred and seventy-six school children have been hauled up, several students have newly illustrated HOGARTH'S "Progress;" and four Scribes have vindicated the Scriptural idea of them, and turned out badly, but no such word as Swindler occurs among the S's.

We have been wrong all the while. Our respectable men—our merchants, mechanics, builders, professional men—are our villains, and our roughs, runners and rowdies, are our genuinely virtuous citizens. Or else this report is wrong. Or else the police have been lop-sidedly active. Or else KENNEDY has been too busy at Baltimore to attend to affairs here. And that can't be.

SOYEZ SAGE!

VANITY FAIR commends the following extract to all readers:

"The startling news from San Domingo, received by the *Quaker City*, from Havana, is corroborated by all reports which have since been received. A vessel has recently arrived at Key West, which brought the particulars as already published, with additions, which further implicate the French in the transaction, and render it still more probable that, whatever designs of conquest Spain may entertain, she is to receive the countenance of the French Government, if not its material aid. Indeed, the statement is made that a French corvette accompanied the Spanish fleet, and took part in the formal occupation of the island." *N. Y. Times*, April 3d.

Our French friends had better be a little modest; Uncle SAM isn't quite wiped out yet, as his Imperial Impertinence may find. It is not even necessary to "silk war" to show the silk-spinning nation that. A vigorous American league pledged against using French goods is not by any means an impossibility. There are brave-hearted noble women in this country,—aye, high-minded heroines now lying *perdue*, who, when the time for heroism comes, can show the world that they can get along as well with American fabrics, as with any other. And then Master LOUIS NAPOLEON "down goes your shanty." By a thousand thunders!—as you say—you had better be back in Ham than in France on the day when we top your Lyons factories, your Paris perfume-shops, your mills which grind out *objets de fantasie et de luxe*. Be civil! Your genius and your million-armed army—yea, all that and more, would be a stubble before the roaring fire in the face of the mob roaring for Bread!

And the American Press of the North can as assuredly form that League, as the sun will rise in the heavens—if they choose. Bah!—we hold your throne between our fingers, as a strong man holds a walnut, and can crack it to pieces when we will. Remember—the *poleleaires* and the *fabriques*—there's where the gunpowder lies!

A Customary Proceeding.

An English lady complains of American Custom-House Officers for examining her baggage so critically upon her arrival in this country. It is rather hard to have the mysteries of the toilette scrutinized in such an unfeeling, or rather feeling manner, we admit, but people coming to America must expect to conform to the Customs of the Country.

A Judicious Appointment.

The appointment of One Palfrey to the postmaster-ship of Boston may be looked upon as a very judicious measure, considering that a single hub city naturally classes as a One-Horse Town.

Quite Likely.

The recruiting-officers of the Southern Confederacy have so far, been very unsuccessful—they have Enlisted nothing but the sympathies of the people!

MAINE IN MARCH.

"Remember the Ides of March."

—W. SHAKSPEARE.

No need, oh W. SHAKSPEARE, of telling *me* to remember those ides. I shall not forget them—not a solitary ide—while I live.

The Prodigal Sun shone brightly and warmly the afternoon on which I tore myself from my weeping friends in Madison Square, and started for Maine. Broadway was warm almost to sweatyness, and the classic Bowery lay in a cloud of dust. The dove-eyed maiden Spring was apparently here again, and methought I would have nice times among the squirrels and blue-birds and dandelions, down in Maine.

I remembered a stately oak, on the banks of a beautiful brook I will recline under the oak, methought, and read the *New-York Ledger*. But the dove-eyed maiden Spring, like several other dove-eyed maidens who have had the pleasure of my acquaintance, had no hesitation in repudiating her promises, and sent a big snow-storm after us.

It came roaring upon us just as the night was setting in, beating fearfully against the car-windows and clogging up the wheels.

I am warranted in stating that it was One of the storms, leaving us in no doubt as to the drift of its meaning, for we soon found ourselves fast in a snow-drift. The "iron horse," as I think I have seen the locomotive called, made a few desperate plunges forward, and then seceded from us entirely, tearing down the track like the little bay beauty Flora Temple, with her tail done up in pepper-corns of an extraordinarily persuasive character. We were in the woods and the storm was raging with all the fury of a woman "corned." The black night, like the black knights of our popular bloodthirsty literature, laughed in a sardonic manner at our "*Snow* of troubles," and then frowned fiercely upon us—the innocent and helpless. We denounced the Railroad Company in withering terms. If I used stronger language than the rest—if I more thoroughly and convincingly laid bare the arrogant villainy of railroad monopolies, it must not be attributed to a desire to make myself conspicuous, but rather to the fact of my being a dead-head on the road. The refractory iron horse was led back, and we went slowly forward again.

The Conductor said he'd get us into Portland that night, certain, whereupon a gentleman from Bangor said he hoped so tew, for he'd rather gin a quarter than not reach hum next day—"I had, I snore!" he added, glancing around the car. "Darned if I hadn't."

Standing late at night in the great dismal depot at Portland, it occurred to me that when, many years ago, the Indians sold the land upon which that beautiful and brilliant city now stands, for a jug of indifferent rum,* they considerably cheated the whites. But this was only the churlish crotchet of the moment. Portland is all right, and abounds in inimitable clams; likewise pretty girls, who like to get fellows on a piece of twine and pull them around in a distracting manner. Portland has got over expecting the Great Eastern, its chief amusements now consisting of sliding down hill and admiring the princely quarterly dividends (which are now declared three times a day) of the Grand Trunk Railway, which thoroughfare is managed by British gentlemen with side whiskers, who have vainly searched many weary years for their long lost H. But as Lord Palmerston felicitously remarks, "what's the hods so long's we're 'appy?"

A city election was to occur next day, and fearing that I might be elected Alderman by one of those sublime uprisings of the honest masses which are sometimes witnessed when things assume a crisis shape, I hastily left by the early morning train. I go northward towards the White Mountains, which loom up in the distance like the ghosts of immense giants. A portion of the journey is performed by stage, and it pleases me to find an old friend and fellow-soldier in the gentleman who holds the reins over the spirited team. We both fought in the Madawaska war, carrying death and devastation among the foe wherever we appeared. At the memorable and bloody battle of Pipsywipsy we were both fatally wounded three times by falling out of the baggage-wagon; but the Eagles of victory perched upon our banners, and in the language of my old friend DAN WEBSTER, "we ain't dead yet."

I am partial to sensations, and jumping from sunny and Summery Madison Square to bleak and breezy Maine is one of 'em, beyond peradventure. The snow is very deep. The people want it to go, but it's no go! The fences are completely buried, and in some instances drifts have surrounded houses like the walls of a fort. But it is quite cheerful in the section to which I allude when compared to some parts of the State, where I am informed it snows continually for fifteen months in the year.

This is the happy land of baked beans and pure religion. Here "I guess I can dew it" means "I will dew it." Here men get rich on farms which at first sight look as if they could produce nothing but crops of rocks. Here, land which an Illinois farmer wouldn't have on his premises at any rate, is held at an elevated figure. Here, when a man don't clearly understand you, he says "Hay," and when he is astonished "Sho!" Here people talk through their noses to a great and sometimes alarming extent, Nature having kindly provided some of them with noses like covered bridges, each nostril being large enough to let a double team of words go through. Here the people have just eccentricities enough to be interesting. Here they can invent, chop, swap, work, and (if necessary) fight. Here there is maple sugar, virtue, shrewdness, strong arms and big chests, pickerel, rosy cheeks and true hearts, ever-busy knitting needles, cream, an undying love for Bunker Hill, honey, patriotism, stocking-yarn, mountains, ponds, hoop-poles, churches, school-houses, pine logs, scenery that knocks Switzerland into a disordered chapeau, and air so pure that the New-Yorker is sorry he can't bottle some of it and carry it to the metropolis for daily use.

I must not forget to mention a rather singular circumstance that occurred in my voyage from Portland to Boston per steamboat. I went aboard, secured a state-room, and proceeded to fall into one of those sweet slumbers which ever reward the honest man and Son of Temperance. On awaking in the night, it occurred to me that I would go on deck and converse with the man at the helm in regard to nautical affairs, as I was an old sea-dog myself, having had perilous experience on the Oxford and Cumberland Canal in the capacity of assistant chambermaid. The man was not at the helm, but I discovered that the steamer was going bravely ahead, taking a large wharf and a considerable portion of Portland with her. I laughed one of my "silvery laughs," but didn't say anything to anybody about the matter, because it was such an excellent joke on Portland. I don't remember to have ever read of a more singular circumstance. It is true that certain unprincipled persons, who I have reason to believe are Secessionists at heart, stated that the boat remained tied at her wharf all night, and did not leave Portland in consequence of the storm; but I confidently call upon LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, EVERETT, and the rest of the boys in Boston, who met me at the wharf the next morning, to refute the calumny. Going from Portland to Boston in a steamboat with a large wharf and several flourishing warehouses attached is a rather large thing to do, I candidly confess, but I did it.

In the language of Mr. C. MELNOTTE, dost like the picter?

ALPHONSO THE BRAVE.

*A fact.

Questions in Philosophy.

BY A NATURAL.

When a sailor grows penitent, what sort of a saint should he make?

An Anchorite.

What kind of vessel is typical of a profane John Bull?

A *Dem-me-John*.

Valuable Assistance.

An Alabama paper says that it learns on "good authority" that the Southern Confederacy "will not only be recognized abroad, but will soon receive an offer of Aid from France."

Gascon-Ade, probably!

"The Man of Ton."

Dr. WINDSHIP, who can raise that amount, and a little more if necessary.

Good at a Pinch.

Tight Boots.

TO THE BORDER MEN.

VANITY FAIR has a great liking for Border States men. They are generally genial, jolly good fellows—men not hard to reason with, being, in a remarkable proportion, gentlemen.

Therefore, VANITY FAIR doesn't want to lose them out of the Union. Large hearted roysterers, high compagnons, men gifted with Baltimoreanly pretty sisters and Virginianly hospitable uncles, to say nothing of first rate old family, colored cooks and accomplished julep-making bartenders, are not to be let to lightly slip out of the Union. Or any other place.

Nevertheless, VANITY FAIR must warn those jolly Borderers lest they, in their mania for laying down the conditions of Union, should overshoot the mark. Gentlemen of the Virginia Convention—don't imagine that we believe—though you at present probably do yourselves—for you are as a class truthful and honorable, and not stained with Cotton State treachery—don't imagine that we are going to secure your adherence to the Union by turning over everything, bag and baggage, *sans* coercion, to the Seceders. We don't believe that you'd stick by us a single day the longer for showing the white feather and giving in as you propose. Not a solitary fraction of it—not a rap. *You're* not the sort of men VANITY FAIR takes you to be if you'd keep such cowardly company. What! you—the gallant cock-fighting, slashing-gaff men of Maryland and cavaliering Virginia, brothering with fellows who give in to threats!!

Not that we know of.

Gentlemen of the Convention—we believe that you, if you know what is good for you, will hold on to the good old Union, simply because it is for your own good. Don't stay one minute longer than that on *our* account—and we feel tolerably certain that you won't. As a lover said, "Don't caress me as a favor. If you don't like it, don't love me!" If a slave-importing, selfish cotton-ocracy which snubs you socially, worse than Yankees, and is restive under your superior claims to culture and intelligence—if such a race of rattlesnake rebels suits you better, and will prove a profitable Master—master, we say, for *you* will never lead in Cottondom—in short, if going to the devil generally, and becoming the tail end of an agricultural community suits you—*you*, men of high blood—better than becoming great, opulent, manufacturing, progressive States in our company—why then, go it! Go it strong, unmixed, undiluted!

Bah—we don't believe it. Every instinct of your nature prompts you to sing *The Star-spangled Banner*—you gave us that song, you know—and hurrah for the glorious old stripes and stars of Seventy-six. Hurrah for them—anything. Hurrah for all of us.

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
On the banks of Potomac by WASHINGTON'S grave.

THE COMING MAN.

When the city of Rhodes was besieged, the tradesmen proposed to save the place each after his own manner, the shoemaker suggesting the propriety of covering the walls with shoes, declaring there was "nothing like leather." So, some festive irrepressible, named OWEN, who is evidently more familiar with Measures than men, proposes in the *Tribune* to overwhelm the South by—contract! All that he requires is "power of attorney, as in any other case, to collect a civil debt," aided by sundry "live Yankees."

Hadn't the spontaneous OWEN better wait till we've tried SCOTT? Perhaps OWEN is the greater military man of the two—who knows? But let SCOTT try—just a little—if only to humor the ignorant people. And let the civilians *be modest!*

That Wasn't Pretty Bad.

Young GREEN immigrated from Maine to New-York a few months ago, and wrote home to his parents that he was "doing fine—and moving in the First Circles." It subsequently turned out that he had rented the right to sell peanuts in the first circles of the Bowery theatre. And still there is Secession.

Bad Latin but Good Joke.

BY OUR PLUCKED UNDERGRADUATE.

Exclamation probably used by Roman Charioteer in the games or the Curriculum—"*Tu tu fortè!*"

[It is suggested that Hi! two forty! is here suggested.]

The Bone of Contention Just Now.

Ole Dabe's back-bone.

BUSINESS CARDS—THE JEWELLER.

The subscribers beg leave to introduce to the notice of their customers their very large and varied stock of jewelry. They confidently exhibit a profusion of chains, calculated to draw a fund of attention together with a variety of shirt buttons, warranted extraordinary in their make. Pins at once known by the least penetration, and rings without end—the whole a precious lot.

They are fully prepared with an extensive collection of watches on hand, which they desire to wind up without delay. These superior and valuable articles are warranted to go, to every purchaser. They will be sold for cash only as on account of the nature of these goods, time is out of the question.

In precious stones, the most brilliant inducements will be offered.

In this department they would particularly direct attention to their attractive display of Emeralds.

Their gold is assured of the most delicate fineness, and devices of every kind are exhibited in their establishment. The insinuations of their rivals, that any brass enters into their dealings, they can afford to treat with the contempt it merits, and discarding the mere lacquer of praise, refer at once to the goods themselves.

In conclusion, they confidently offer their stock for the extreme art displayed in it. In selling their customers, they will perform the duty without stint or reserve, soliciting, however, the most perfect confidence, which they find highly necessary to the disposal of their fabrications.

STICKYER & Co.

C. & T. A. KAYRE,
T. A. KAYRE & Co.,
L. C. & C. K. SHARP,
U. S. GRANT & Co.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

While we war on traitors witwout, let us not forget those black-hearted trebly venomous traitors *within*, who, while brave hearts are pressing gloriously on for the Right, vilify and deprecate everything for the sake of aiding the Wrong.

Such a wretch is WENDELL PHILLIPS, who—base as BENNETT—maligns the efforts of the President to maintain the dignity of the law.

A nice, manly, unselfish individual, this PHILLIPS, to snarl and throw mud at such times as these!!

WENDELL PHILLIPS sees in all the military expedition to Sumter only low cunning and base trickery—an arch stroke of treacherous genius to force a compromise—something to terrify the people with the horrors of war into the most ultra pro-slavery compromise; into the basest of concessions. "As sure as a gun is fired to-night at Fort Sumter," he wrote recently, "within three years from to-day you will see those thirty States gathered under a Constitution twice as damnable as that of 1787.

Put this on record, that those who write history at some future day may learn who were the foes of "coercion," and who were the traitors among us.

Vanity Fair Book Notices.

The Life and Career of Major JOHN ANDRÉ, *Adjutant-General of the British Army in America. By* WINTHROP SARGENT. *Boston:* TICKNOR & FIELDS.

It is as the well-known author of a comic ballad entitled *The Cow Chase*, that Major ANDRÉ achieved a brilliant reputation, and eventually secured himself this first-rate notice in VANITY FAIR. We are sorry to learn that he got into some trouble, about something somewhere in the road up towards the old Dutch Church at Tarrytown, which caused him to be hung, but are still glad that he became so distinguished as to merit the compliment of a biography from so excellent and elegant a writer as WINTHROP SARGENT—a gentleman who was, we understand, at one time Governor of Massachusetts. Go thou and do likewise.

Perhaps it is He.

At a recent secession meeting in Americus, Georgia, as we see by the *Sumter Republican*, a resolution was offered by "Mr. SMITH, of New-York." We don't definitely understand what SMITH this is, but if it is JOHN we think we know him.

The Clown at Nixon's.

After hearing the humorous efforts of the gentleman in striped clothes at the circus for an hour the other night, we consider ourselves justified in advising Mr. NIXON to appoint a Guardian for that WARD.

THE TURTLE TRAIN.

By the last English mails we are informed that the first street railway in London was opened on the 23d March. This enterprise is due to American energy, the founder of it, Mr. G. F. TRAIN, being a fast-trotting Yankee of the 2.40 conviction. It is stated that "in the afternoon Mr. TRAIN gave a 'turtle lunch' in honor of the event." This was a nice bit of tact on the part of Mr. TRAIN. Englishmen are apt to look upon Americans as a little too fast, and since the turtle, in common with the other members of the *testudo* tribe, may be accepted as the emblem of slowness, a "turtle lunch" was just the thing to put a fine balance upon a 2.40 apostle of progress. When the renowned G. F. T. has arrived at running his cars through London by steam, as no doubt he will, by-and-by, we would suggest that the first string of cars should be called the "Turtle Train," alike in honor of the founder, and in allusion to the succulent but slow creature so slyly implied by him as typical of English tardiness.

Intactible.

At first Old ABE was down on attack; now he is on the other tack. He is a fair tactician.

From Our Cadaverous Contributor.

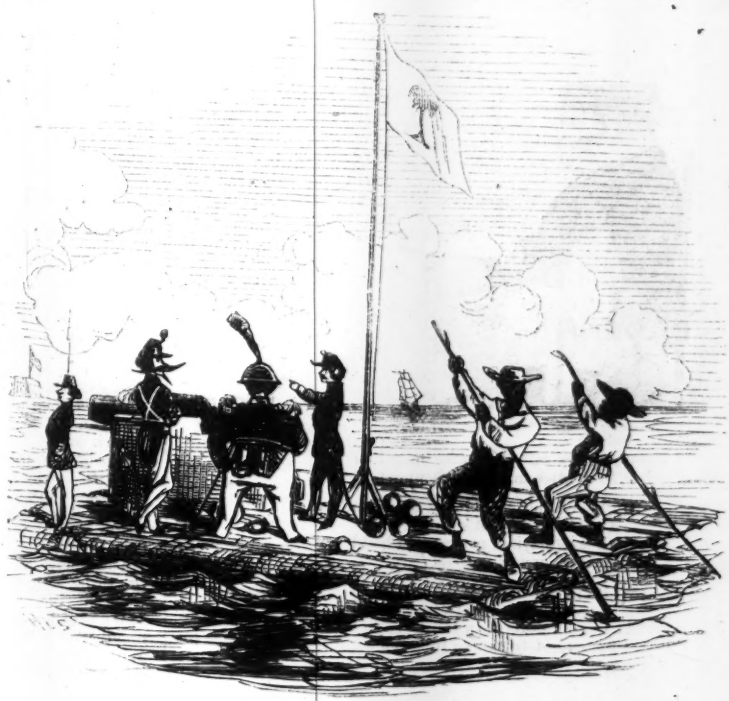
Why is a boy studying Latin like a corpse?
Because he is dreadfully Livyed (livid).

Model Lodging House.

The Patent Office.

The Room for Poker Players.

The Ante-room.



A SOUTH CAROLINA SHIP-OF-THE-LINE.

"IT IS PROPOSED TO ATTACK FORT SUMTER ON RAFTS."

[*Dispatch from Charleston.*]

NAPOLEON'S TOMB IN NEW-YORK.

Advertisements in the daily papers last week announced a lecture by Capt. SAMUEL WHITNEY, on the following subject:

Visit to the Tomb of Napoleon at the Seventh Avenue M. E. Church, near Fourteenth street.

It was to us, and we suppose it must have been to many others, a piece of novel as well as startling intelligence, to learn that the tomb of the great Napoleon was in New-York, and that in one of our own church vaults, are now resting the remains of the conquering Corsican.

What can have caused the removal of Napoleon's remains to this city? Was his body stolen? Has the "nephew of his uncle" become suddenly trepidant at their proximity to his palace, or has he sold the inanimate bones on speculation? These and other questions naturally and pertinently well up in the mind. And how happens it that the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church" have the remains in keeping? Where is BARNUM? What has become of the enthusiasm and worship of the French people?

We can answer none of the above questions at present. Like Capt. SAMUEL WHITNEY, we will visit the Napoleonic Tomb at the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church," and as he probably essayed a description of it in his lecture, we will do up a description for the next V. F. Meanwhile, we expect to hear of a terrific rush of visitors to the aforesaid "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church," to see diffusive cuts in the illustrated sensationals of the city, and read lachrymose rhymes of pensive poets, written on the spot. Henceforward, the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church" will have a history and an interest, beyond that of the arched temple at Sakhara, the tomb at Beni Hassan, or the great temple at Karnak, where sleep the illustrious dead of ancient Thebes.

Maine-tained.

The boast of the *Dirigo* State.

We Will Pitt FESSENDEN against the Little Giant any day of the session!

NOT THAT MAN,

[BUT ANOTHER MAN.]

VANITY FAIR lately discovered the following, cropping out of a pile of exchanges, in a Milwaukee paper.

"Mr. BUCHANAN is a man of fine sensibilities. You seldom hear the word "I" in his discourses; neither does he set his people by the ears by taking sides in the strifes and contentions of the world outside; neither does he enunciate dogmatic dicta on those subjects regarding which good men differ. He preaches the gospel, and leaves its application in particular doubtful cases to each man's conscience."

"Gra-cious goodness!" quoth We, "what a change must have come over the old gentleman since his Retiracy. Yes—yes—we see it all. Wheatland has done it—done it brown, and JAMES of a ditto. Let it go the rounds of the papers—he preaches the gospel, he has repented, he has wailed over his sins—he is one of Us."

But a glance at the upper portion of the ¶ corrected us. It wasn't J. B. whom the Milwaukey in question was unlocking, but J. M. B. the Buck-canon of the North Presbyterian Church—a gentleman who "is tall, with a studious and intellectual countenance," and who moreover is not given to whiskey. No such luck. But when JAMES—OUR JAMES does reform—the World shall hear of it, and there will be great rejoicing over the won sinner that repenteth.

By an old Dip.

Policemen get to the cook's cupboard by the open "airys"—statesmen arrive at State arcana through their secret-aireys!

By our Celt.

Who's our ministher to Spain?
SURE'T'S a foreigner.

Great need for a Southern Army.

In DAVIS'S Straits.

MR. BULL CONTRIBUTES TO THE HARMONY OF THE OCCASION.

CRIKEY! the question saps my brain,
However to live we are, if
Those Yankee coves our folks constrain
To gulp down their MORRILL Tariff.

How, by the mouths of WEAR and TYNE,
Folks will get their grub, I wonder,

When dry-salt sticks and halkaline
To dooties must knock under.

My heye! but cotton looks black and sad,
A thinkin' of wot's afore 'em,
With seventy-five per cent to hadd
Unto their *hadvalorem!*

While in our hirons districts—eh?
Wot 'owls goes on to 'eaven,
At sixteen dollars a ton to pay
Instead of from five to seven!

And, lawk! when cotton stops!—Don't larf,
To mock distress is 'orrid:
Waiter! a mug of arf-and-arf,
The beads is on my for'ead!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

RAUDI, March 28th.

DEAR VANITY:—I have at last escaped from the brigands, but not so easily as by simply being ransomed.

I think I told you, in my last, that I sent down to PIUS IX. for some money, with which to ransom poor Count CAVOUR and myself. His Holiness had the cheek to send me the following reply:

"DEAR MCARONE:—You be hanged; I'm only too glad to get rid of you! PIUS.

"*Quirinal; Monday.*"

Did you ever?

Let PIUS beware! When I return to Rome, I shall show him whether I have a policy or not...

Coërcion is my game.

Let me tell you of my escape. I don't suppose there is any other man living, who could equal what I have done; though, to give CAVOUR his due, he was really quite an assistance to me.

On the afternoon of the day when our ransom-money should have arrived, our landlord came to our apartments, and asked if we could accommodate him with the payment of our bill.

I have but one way of treating all duns . . . one must preserve one's dignity and self-respect.

I kicked him down stairs, then, and fired three shots from a revolver at him as he lay on the mat at the bottom.

His sons expressed some sentiments indicating that they took exception to my course toward their father; but I thought it was only an outburst of unreasonable family prejudice on their part, so I freely forgave them.

The following day, I received a Pope PIUS's note, and informed the landlord that I could pay neither the bill nor the ransoms.

The news went abroad throughout the village, and preparations were instantly made to kill and eat CAVOUR and myself, after an old custom of the inhabitants of this almost barbarous region.

When all was in readiness, a deputation of the Board of Common Councilmen waited upon us, and informed us of the fate to which they had devoted us. CAVOUR . . . who is stoutish . . . was to be made into a soup for the poor. I was to go for sausages.

We were then handcuffed, and led out to the public square, where a huge chopping-block was erected for my accommodation, and a huge cauldron for CAVOUR. An immense concourse of people followed and surrounded us, hooting and yelling. It was worse than St. PATRICK's day, or the reception of Old ABE LINCOLN in New-York!

This noise and confusion . . . these jeers and insults of the rabble . . . exasperated me. I do not particularly object to being made into mince sausages, but to throw rotten eggs and dead cats at a man who is at your mercy, is, to say the least, a great breach of etiquette, if not positively rude.

Being angry, then, those who know my strength will not be surprised to hear that I broke my fetters into ten thousand fragments, and seizing the enormous chopping-knife that was to have been used upon me, dared one and all to come on.

"Come on, come all!" I cried; "this block shall fly from its firm base as soon as I!"

This was considered by those present, rather a neat thing to say.

The crowd drew back in affright, and I improved the moment thus gained, to slip off CAVOUR's handcuffs.

He snatched a brand from the fire under his cauldron, and at it we went.

Such fun! I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much! The people went down like dying sheep. I was in front . . . as usual . . . swinging my terrible cleaver round and round, literally cutting off my enemies in their prime, and raising the d—l generally. The Count followed with his brand plucked from the burning, and those who escaped me, received the *coup-de grace* from him.

The square was soon cleared, but we had got into the spirit of the thing so nicely that we could not bear to stop then, so we went on.

We attacked the hotel where we had been stopping, and every member of the landlord's family fell a victim to my cleaver. When they were all comfortably finished, CAVOUR fired the building, and we proceeded to the next house to repeat the same little comedy of turning the tables.

This diversion lasted nearly all the afternoon. We were shot at a number of times, but escaped any severe injury. I had a front tooth knocked down my throat by a pistol bullet, and CAVOUR lost a bit of his left ear. That was all.

When the god of day sunk serenely to his Western couch, where flamed the glories of an Italian sky, painting the heavens from horizon to zenith with what the *Herald* art-critic would call a "topazescent splendor," the town was only a mass of smoking ruins.

Across the deserted square, encumbered only by the bodies of those who had fallen before my irresistible prowess, stalked three mysterious figures, looming blackly against the golden sky of sunset.

Myself, CAVOUR, and the pretty blonde girl with the diamonds about whom I told you in my last. The fact is, I was always a soft-hearted creature. Too much soul has ever been my bane. So, when I had killed everybody in the village, except this girl, I could not find it in my heart to quench the light of her beauty. I told the Count to let up, then, and to spare her. He thought I said "scare her," and instantly set fire to her clothes, but with the most wonderful presence of mind, I extinguished the fire before she was hurt.

After having pillaged the ruins, we set out to walk down the mountains, and only arrived last night here at Raudi, a rough little place in a gorge of the hills. BIANCA . . . the girl whom I saved . . . has quite recovered from the regret she naturally felt at being so suddenly separated from her friends and relatives, and is excellent company.

To-morrow, I shall take the cars hence for Rome, and as BIANCA has the most delicious voice in the world, I shall appoint her *prima donna assoluta* to the Papal Opera-house. I have some idea of taking the management of that establishment on my return . . .

. . . Pardon me . . . I am called to officiate as second in a duel between CAVOUR and a gentleman who gave him offence by mispronouncing his name. Next week, I will try to let your readers hear . . . as I usually and they are always only too happy to . . . something more from

MCARONE.

A Settled Point.

Doubts have been expressed in regard to Dr. O. W. HOLMES' Theology. The title of his forthcoming book, however, "Songs in Many Keys," makes it obvious that he is a Manichean.

AT THE OPERA.

Habitué No. 1.—COME, ADOLPHUS, LET'S GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PARQUETTE.

Habitué No. 2.—AW, WAIT A MINUTE, TILL THAT, AW, YOUNG WOMAN WITH THE PEARL LORGNEITE, AW, GETS THROUGH LOOKING AT ME!

RAISING THE HATCHET.

"Not to put too sharp an edge upon it," we may as well explain that our head-line bears no allusion to the war-path, the tomahawk or the scalp-lock. We only intend to make a few remarks as to the way in which the British hatchet, or axe, has been exalted by the London *Times*. That excitable journal wants us to understand, over here, that we cannot chop down any more trees, on account of the MORRILL Tariff, which deprives us of the British axe. Now, in connection with this, it is a singular fact that we never saw a specimen of the antique instrument in question on this side of the Atlantic, and yet, a few acres of this country have been cleared of trees, and the whole of the North has been fenced in by ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who didn't split his rails with a British axe by any means. Many of our readers, probably, have never seen an English axe. Let us describe one. The head is broad and square, like a spade; the handle long and straight, like any other stick. In consequence of these peculiarities, an axe thus constructed sends a jar from the finger-nails up to the top of the hat, the moment it is struck into a tree. If the jar was full of beer, JOHN BULL would not mind it so much, of course, nor would it ever stand a chance of getting higher than his mouth; but as it is only a jar, and nothing else, it disgusts him with that kind of work, and he had rather do anything else. It takes two men so long to cut down a tree with one of these tools, that the birds are quite sarcastic about it. A crow has been known to build her nest in a tree after the first blow of the hatchet had fallen upon it; do up her incubation, hatch and educate her family, and soar jubilant away with them just as the tree began to fall—an event consummated at last only by the intervention of two more "foresters" with a cross-cut saw, several teams of hairy-legged horses, and all the adult inhabitants of a neighboring village. We defy the *Times* to have a Crow over the American axe. If the *Times* tries that little game, we shall only say that It, like the British axe, is a clumsy tool in the hands of a heavy party, unaccustomed to making clear tracks through a wood.

"The Minstrel's Curse."

Burnt Cork.

THE JEREMY DIDDLERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

If there is anything which strikes VANITY FAIR as peculiarly remarkable in these days, it is when an Honorable Chivalric Sworn and Pledged officer of the ARMY or NAVY hangs on to the very last minute of salary until ordered off on duty, and *then* resigns!

Then, and not till then! Isn't it enough to sicken one to see such sneaking sponging, such contemptible Jeremy Diddlerism in any human being? The fellows who slink away in this manner don't resign so soon as they have made up their false hearts to side with Secession. No—none of that. They hold on while money and rations can be drawn, and then after doing all the dirty mischief which they can, run away like thieves as they are, just fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds after the eleventh hour.

Do these precious specimens of gentlemen think that all their greedine-s and pan-licking, and tail-turning will be forgotten! While grass grows or water runs—never. While the memory of the old Tories of the Revolution is still foul—never. While perjury and dishonor is hateful to noble hearts—never. While truth and manliness have a friend—never. While small trickery and sneaking shrewdness are despicable—never. While a brave-hearted woman, or whole souled gentleman lives to know of their ineffable baseness—NEVER!

And they will be known. What is written is written. Men are not branded and pilloried in a thousand newspapers of the day, or even in the VANITY FAIR of the day, to be forgotten. They will rise again in history, the enemies of their children will remember them, they will be banned in their graves, defiled in their memories as the lowest of traitors—the traitors who as thieves waited to the last moment for the sake of pilfering from their country.

A MINOTIFICATION.

The following cool announcement appears in the *Tribune*, under the head of New Jersey items:

POSTPONEMENT.—Owing to the illness of Mr. MINOT'S father, and the consequent absence of Mr. M., the Superintendent, the trains will not run from the Long Dock Depot on the New-York and Erie Road until next Monday, a week from to-day.

Now we are sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. MINOT'S father, but we cannot see why this domestic calamity should become a public nuisance. Suppose that in consequence of the indisposition of the grandmother of one of the directors, the Bank of England was to do no business for a week, how would the public take it? Or if a member of the numerous family of LELANDS suffered acutely from corns, and urged by feelings of profound sympathy, the firm closed the Metropolitan Hotel to all travellers until the beloved extremity was pronounced to be out of danger, would the proceeding meet with the appreciation of the thousands that pour weekly from railroad depots to the great caravanserais? The sufferings of Mr. BENNETT—supposing him to be laboring under an attack of that favorite Caledonian complaint, to the amelioration of which the great ARGYLE bent his philanthropic mind—would be scarcely received as an excuse, by the general reading public, for a non-issue of the *Herald*. But Mr. MINOT leaves the public without a mode of conveyance because his father is ill. What his absence has to do with the suspension of the running of the trains is more than we can fathom. Let us trust for the sake of the public that Mr. MINOT'S family is generally healthy.

A Neat thing in Art.

"Why does GOUPIL fly a tri-color flag over his gallery?" asked MIDDLEDISTANCE of MADDERVILLE, as they sauntered down Broadway one afternoon. "It ought to be a Bicolor, you see, because we Buy our colors there."

"Ay," replied MADDERVILLE, "but we Try them before we Buy them, my boy. Let the Tricolor wave!"

Epitaph on a Universalist Minister.

Here lies a shepherd of the fold,
Body and limb,
Because *he* wouldn't damn the world,
The world damned *him*.

Southern Staples.

The Confederacy has, undoubtedly, very heavy assets in Cotton, but then, she has a very heavy debt In Tow.

Character of a Mississippi Man.

Caractère d'homme aigu (Dumb Ague).

OILY GAMMON
WE WAIL NO MORE FOR OUR BLUBBER
THE OIL WELLS OF OUR LAND
MAY THEY NEVER SECEDE
MINERAL OIL
OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE WHALES IN HONOR OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE OIL WELLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IT STILL LIVES.

Divers and sundry old women, some oratorical, others editorial, in the Old World and the New, are savoring their cliques and publics with wails and deary-me's! over the down-fall of democracy and freedom in America. "Alas! that so fair a prospect is dimmed and spoiled," cries *Once a Week*, and an army of noodles reëcho the cry.

Don't believe it. The *Republic* is now as large, gentlemen, as ever it was, and a great deal more purified. What *have* we lost, let us ask, in the name of all justice and truth? Leave out the blacks and tell us when was there ever *any* Republicanism—any recognition of the equal rights of white men, in the seceding States?

When did they ever legislate humanely and tenderly so as to give the poorer human beings among them so much kind treatment as English laws extend to dumb beasts?

When did they ever recognize "the greatest good for the greatest number," as the fundamental law of society?

When was there ever any popular repudiation of the Mud-sill theory, proposed with infernal coolness by their representative man HAMMOND?

When was there ever any spirit of public charity, philanthropy and reform shown in planter-dom? What have they done amid their boasted millions and enormous prosperity, towards educating the poor?

When was it that "poor whites," and "mean whites," and "dirt eaters," were not terms of reproach, and who ever labored earnestly and Christianly among Cotton legislators to alleviate the condition of those poor degraded creatures?

When were all their boasts and all social tendencies in any other direction save to magnify a few "first families" and concentrate all social power in the hands of a very limited number?

For all which cruelty and hardness GOD will hold them to judgment.

If the secession of a country—of States which have for years lived and breathed in a spirit of bitterer and narrower aristocracy than is known in Europe—indicates any decay of democratic principles, we confess that those principles must differ very materially from VANITY FAIR's idea of the article. If popular liberty depends upon the possession of a certain amount of territory instead of on the action of hearts and brains of free-born men—why then, the sooner it goes the better. But it does not. Neither is all yet lost.

Men of America—brothers—friends—all—remember this. While man exists, while Nature gives us her golden glorious laws of life and beauty—while Spring succeeds to Winter, human liberty is always progressing and always WILL progress. The *last* man will always be the freest. Secession and war will only hasten it. Freedom is never lost and never goes backwards.

Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren.

In every song of the lark it is born again; wherever goodness and beauty and truth well forth, there Freedom rises to light. It comes with the bursting bud and the rose of life—it is the soul of happiness, and man is never happy without it. Never tell us that Freedom has gone backwards in America. Her sun may be overcast, but it is rising—ever rising, and when the clouds pass away it will burst forth fairer than ever. And we—we may live or die, but let us never lose faith in the progress of Freedom, any more than we would our faith in the eternal beauty of Nature and in the mystery of GOD.

Up and arm! This is no time now for half-measures, half-policies, or half-men. Sumter is taken—it is the signal rocket—fired away into night and lost, but its blaze calls every free-man to arms.

And now for battle! Drive out the traitors from among us—let no one breathe Secession now. WAR is on us—there is no rose-water compromise to be spoken of. Hurrah then for war! Be brave, prompt and true. The ancient devil of tyranny now vanishing from every land in Europe has taken his last stand among our foes. And woe to the coward who quails!

The loss of a fort shall not crush us. The loss of every fort—yea, of all things, would be as a trifle to the spirit which is awakened, and which calls for war. From the Border over West and North there now goes up but one cry—the millions are aroused. Freedom makes her last great effort on earth and calls for glorious deaths.

THE LAST ADVICE.

UNCLE SAM.—Here! Here! What's this mean?

MASTER LINCOLN.—Why this here Jeff Davis and his fellers' been a crowin' over us long enough, and now there's goin' to be a row.

UNCLE SAM.—Well, now! if your'e goin' to fight, mind you fight like your father—go!